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THE

Fickle Shepherdess:

As it is ACTED

IN THE

NEW THEATRE

IN

Lincolns-Inn Fields.

BY

Her Majesties Servants.

Thomas Randolph

Play'd all by Women.

LONDON,

Printed for the Author, and Sold by *William Turner*, at the *Angel* at *Lincolns-Inn* Back Gate; *William Davis* at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*, and *John Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall*. Price One *Shilling*, 1703.

149.537
May 1873

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lady *GOWER.*

Madam,

OFt have I gaz'd with pleaſure on your Beauty, where every Grace conſpires to form Perfection, nor can I longer ſtifle my Admiration; Poets may well be ſaid to be inſpired, when ſuch a lovely Theme employs their Thoughts; a Lady born of an Illuſtrious Houſe, adorn'd with all thoſe Virtues which become the Great; a glorious Pattern, for fillial Faith; a charming Mother to a lovely blooming Race, who Crowns her much lov'd Lord with endleſs Bleſſings.

Forgive the preſumptuous Daring of a Pen unable to Paint your Worth; I have this to incourage my Ambition, that I have had the Honour to be ſeveral Times graciouſly receiv'd by your No-

ble Family ; and your Ladyſhip's Character and courteous Affability aſſures me, your Goodneſs is Infinite as theirs ; without this Hope, I ſhou'd not dare to lay ſo Mean a Trifle at your Feet, for which I have nothing to ſay, but that it is Humble and Innocent. The Converſation of Groves and Plains, where, if the Stile is low, and the Dialect wants Satyr, yet it is wholly free from Vice, or any Expreſſion that may ſhake either Piety or Modeſty.

It is abreviated from an Author famous in his Time, yet more honour'd, if peruſed by your Ladyſhip, than in all the Incomiums he ever met with in his Poetical Race ; But how ſhall I be tranſported, if you daign to accept it new dreſs'd by my Artleſs Hand.

To pray for your Happineſs, is but to wiſh you may continue as you are, Favourite of Heaven and Earth, bleſs'd in your Noble Lord, whoſe Loyalty to his Princeſs and Zeal to his Country, is Conſpicuous to all ; thus may you long remain poſſeſt of all the bounteous Gifts Heaven can beſtow on ſuch unequall'd Merit, whilſt I again ask Pardon for my Boldneſs, and beg leave to Subſcribe my ſelf,

Madam,

Your Honours moſt Humble
and moſt Obedient Servant.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Porter*.

NAture now her gayeſt Liveries wears,
And verdent Spring in all her Bloom appears;
Each finiſh'd Beau, and ev'ry ogling Fair,
In Coach and Six does to the Park repair,
And Cries, I'm ſtifled up for want of Air.
Since in this Seaſon, you in Fields Delight,
A Rural Scene regales you here to Night:
No Buskin'd Hero does of Conqueſt Boaſt,
Or tell how many Battles gain'd or loſt:
Theſe are Inhabitants of ſhady Groves,
That entertain you with their humble Loves.
The Emblem here of Innocence behold,
Their Dowry Flocks and Herds inſtead of Gold;
And every Nymph that lov'd, her Paſſion told.
Coquets and Fops were Strangers to the Plains,
Deceipt and Pride alone, in City Reigns;
Since England *does its brighteſt Glories owe*
To Female Power, we only Females ſhow;
We need not doubt your kind Reception now,
Since every Hero *does to Females Bow;*
Let but that radient Circle ſtill appear,
The Side-box Beaus will ev'ry Night be here.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE

Writ by Mr. *Burnaby*, and Spoke by Mrs. *Barry*.

None but a Clown in so refin'd an Age,
With rustick Tales your Pleasure wou'd ingage.
Those Times must needs be charming as they're Old,
When Men were constant, and their Women cold!
When Innocence and Sheep fine Ladies knew!
And Nymphs broke Gold to keep their Lovers true;
No Stile for Gallantry, but Man! and Wife!
Each kept his Turtle Sweet-heart all his Life!
No kind Divorce to smooth the Marriage Bed,
Nor ready slave the Wanderer to wed,
And plant the Horns full grown upon his Head.
Who'd think, that did our nicer Pleasures Trace,
We ever sprung from that unpolish'd Race!
These Scenes display Mankind before the Fall!
And Nature in its rude Original!
While at my Feet Two Rival Shepherds burn,
I'm made so dull, you see, to raise but One.
A Modern Damsel had with more Address,
Manag'd her Pity for their kind Distress,
With boundless Bounty had observ'd their Truth,
And found a Means to satisfie them both!
Yet I am pleas'd to find in Times so rude,
Some Cunning still was to our Sex allow'd!
So well I play'd my Womans Part, each Swain
Had Cause to think he was the happy Man,
Tho' Niggard Custome led to One the Way,
Yet Nature knew to keep 'em Both in Play;
A little Time had so improv'd my Skill,
That Damon *had not took my Marriage Ill.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Clorinda, a Fickle Shepherdeſs——	M. *Barry.*
Amintas, a Mad Shepherd in love with *Urania*——	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Damon { Two Rivals in Love	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Alexis { with *Clorinda*	Mrs. *Prince.*
Menalcas Father to *Clorinda* ——	Mrs. *Willis.*
Adraſtus, High Prieſt of *Ceres*, Father to *Damon* and *Urania*——	Mrs. *Lee.*
Amaryllis in Love with *Damon*——	Mrs. *Porter.*
Urania in Love with *Amintas*——	Mrs. *Aliſon.*
Flavia, an Old Nymph, Siſter to *Claius*--	Mrs. *Martin.*
Claius, Father to *Amintas* and *Amaryllis* -	Mrs. *Lawſon.*
A Shepherd—	Miſs *Parſons.*
Dorylas, a Waggiſh Boy ——	The little Boy.

ACT.

Dramatis Personæ.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Clorinda *with several Garlands before her, and* Flavia *behind her.*

Clo. WEll, I protest, I think *Damons* is the prettiest —— See how the Violet, the Pink, and Daffadill are mix'd! and how they strive in Beauty to outvy each other!—— But when I behold *Alexis* Garland, the Maiden Lilly, and the Blushing Rose, the Gaudy Tulips, and the new blown Jessimin, there my Eye is fix'd.

Fla. Wavering Nymph, you'll ne'er determin 'twixt these two Swains; Is it possible you can love them both?

Clo. Love them both *Flavia!*—— No, fond Girl, I neither Love.—'Tis my ambition to be the Pride and Glory of the Plains; to have the amorous Shepherds Court me still, and offer up their Hearts which I despise.—— Fickle in my Nature —— Constant in my Charms—— Courted by all the Swains, and Envied by the Rural Maids.

Fla. Which Garland will you wear to day?

Clo. Neither of theſe——they are withered all by *Ceres*; I think they have loſt their Colour.

Fla. Juſt now you thought them freſh and fair.

Clo. Ridiculous; Did'ſt thou ever know me think the ſame thing twice? Take them away. Let me ſee what Encomiums in my praiſe to day——A Sonnet by *Sephalis*---Pugh, he ne'er writ any thing worth Reading.——Who is this from——*Coridon*——Aye, his Stile is eaſie enough; let me ſee, what has he ſaid? [*Reads.*

Clorinda Empreſs of the Groves,
Fair and ſoft as *Venus* Doves,
And Gay as all her ſporting Loves:
Yet ſtill delights to Tyranize:
To none will yield the glorious Prize,
But *Daphna* like from all purſuers flies.

Pretty enough—but too ſhort—I'll add three Lines.

Fla. What, write Verſes on your ſelf *Madam!*

Clo. On my ſelf! Aye. Canſt thou find me a better Subject?—Humph——aye, that will do.

Love in her Eyes triumphant Reigns,
She wounds, but feels her ſelf no pains;
And Laughs when all the Youth complains.

How do you like it *Flavia?*

Fla. Very well, *Madam*:----But what will *Coridon* ſay---when he hears the Addition!

Clo. Say---why he'll grow vain——and Fifty more grow jealous.

Enter

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. News, *Madam*, that will Raviſh you.

Clo. How! Raviſh me? If it be ſo deſperate prithee conceal it.

Dor. So I will.

Clo. Go, you little Fool——you may tell it tho'.

Dor. No, 'tis deſperate, I dare not.

Clo. Come, come, don't trifle, I muſt know it.

Dor. Well, *Madam*, ſince you deſire it, I will tell you then.

Clo. Nay, no matter whether you do or no.

Dor. What pretty Whether-cocks----theſe Women are----I ſerve a Shepherdeſs fit to be made a Planet, ſhe'll wax and warm twice in a minute.

Clo. Go, you are an idle Boy---but good *Dorylas* your News.

Dor. The Rivals on whom that powerful Face does play the Tyrant,

Clo. What of them?

Dor. The Amourous couple whom *Cupid* has link'd together, your brace of Lovers, deſire audience.

Clo. Is this all your News? You might have kept it to your ſelf.

Dor. Now you know it I might have conceal'd it; I thank thee Nature that I am like to be a Man, for I want Wit enough to make up Woman. But good *Madam*, what do you think of *Damon*?

Clo. As a Man worthy of the beſt of Nimphs.

Dor. And what of *Alexis*?

Clo. He deſerves the faireſt Virgin in *Cicilia*.

Dor. Do, gentle Miſtreſs, do, tell me which you Love.

Clo. You little Prattler, why must you be satisfied? —— *Damon* best of any.

Dor. So, that's very plain.

Clo. Except *Alexis*.

Dor. Then you Love *Alexis* best, I'm glad on't.

Clo. Why, my Boy, what has he done to merit more than *Damon*?

Dor. Becaufe he gives me early Cherries, and juft Fledg'd Birds from out the Nefts, that are above my reach.

Clo. Oh wondrous Reafon —— but fuppofe I love neither.

Fla. Then tell them fo: or elfe choofe one. Why do you torture them both with equal wracks? If your Love prefers *Damon*, tell poor *Alexis* of it; nor let vain hope kindle defire in both.

Clo. Thou know'ft how through all *Sicilia*, from greateft Shepherds to the meaneft Swains, what unaufpicious Torches *Hymen* lights; naught but Fears, Jars, Suspitions, Jealoufies, and Cares moleft the Vital Joys thefe many years, and not one Bleffing Crowns the genial Bed —— Till *Ceres* is appeafed, I'll hide my flames, diffemble all my fires.

Dor. Diffemble, ay, that they fay every Woman can. —— —— Shall I admit them?

Clo. If you will —— No, ftay, come back again.

Dor. Nay, indeed I will go.

Clo. Why *Dorylas*:

Dor. *Madam?*

Clo. Come back I fay.

Dor. Yes, to be fent again;
I'm gone, for at length I have learnt to know,
You call me back, only to bid me go. [*Exit.*

Fla. Oh! *Clorinda*, before your Lovers enter, hear my Petition; I have a fuit from a diftreffed one —— If there be Art in words, that with perfwafive Magick can command a

pity

pity in your Heart, I wish my Tongue had learnt that power.

Clo. Think'st thou that Wolves and Tigers Nurs'd me? I have a Heart gentle as our Lambs, soft and melting, What is the cause you'd mourn I am no kin to Flint and Marble.

Fla. If you are *Clorinda*, the Tears of her whose Orator I come, have power to soften it.

Clo. Of her——What is it a Female cause? I expected a new Servant——Who is it?

Fla. Beautious *Amarilis*; She, in the unfortunate time of *Ceres* Rage, plac'd her Affection on a scornful Shepherd,—one that disdains her Love.

Clo. Disdains her Love——I tell thee *Flavia*, that even I think *Amarilis* fair, and that the proudest Shepherd on the *Sicilian* Plains might gladly Wed her——But how can I serve this injur'd Nymph?

Fla. This she implores, you'd not choose *Damon*: 'Tis *Damon* that repays her Love with Scorn; 'tis a Request, she says, she fears to make, yet if you do not grant it, she shall not live to ask again.

Clo. I should be loath to injure her—but prethee *Flavia* press me not to tell my secret thoughts—ha! my Father—haste *Flavia* and stop their ent'rance; for in this Age of *Ceres* wrath, he watches me as close, as did the Dragon the *Hesperian* Fruit.

[*Exit* Flavia.

Enter

Enter Menalcha.

Men. He that is a Woman-keeper, ſhou'd have Eyes a Hundred more than *Argus*, and his Ears double the Number——Well, what News, what Letters, Garlands, Rings, or Bracelets Woes to day?---What Grove to Night is conſcious of your Whiſpers? Come tell me, let me know it.

Clo. Why does my Father fear? I do not Love by *Diana*'s Bow; I have not made my Choice.---But ſuppoſe I were in Love, what then?--

Men. I wou'd not have it yet my Girl, till Love proves happier, till wretched *Claius* has ſatisfied the Gods.—

Clo. Why *Claius*, Father?

Men. Haſt thou not heard the ſtory?

Clo. Never perfectly.

Men. Thou know'ſt *Adraſtus*?

Clo. The High Prieſt of *Ceres*?

Men. The ſame: He had a Son nam'd *Melibæus*, who was the Joy and Comfort of his Father, his early hope; and might have ſtill been ſo, had not fond Love undone him.

Clo. How did Love undo him!

Men. Thus—fair *Silvia*, a Beautious Nymph as ever Eye admired—*Alpheſibæus*'s Daughter, was by her Father promiſed him in Marriage.

Clo. Hitherto his Love had good ſucceſs.

Men.

Men. But only promis'd—for the Shepherd *Claius*, a Man accurſt in our *Sicilian* Fields, being Rich, obtain'd the lovely Maid from the diſpairing Youth,—who when he ſaw that *Claius* had poſſeſt her, he pin'd and died with Grief;—*Adraſtus* Diſtracted for his only Son, does in his Rage apply himſelf to *Ceres*,——to *Ceres* the moſt Sacred of *Sicilian* Powers, and begs Revenge on *Silvia*, and all the Marriage State: *Ceres* conſented to his Wiſh, and *Silvia* died, leaving behind her two Beautious Twins, Fair *Amarilis* and Mad *Amintas*; and ſtill *Adraſtus* purſu'd Revenge; and thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:

Sicilian *Swains Ill Luck ſhall long betide,*
To every Bridegroom and to every Bride:
No Sacrifice, no Vows, ſhall ſtill mine Ire,
'Till Claius *Blood both quench and kindle Fire.*

Clo. Angry and intricate! What then becomes of *Claius?*

Men. Curſt and Hated he is fled from our *Sicilian* Ground.—Now *Clorinda* thou perceives my Care, and why my Steps ſo cloſely watch thy Actions.

Clo. I promiſe, *Sir*, never to Marry till the Goddeſs is appeaſed.

Men. Well ſaid my Daughter— and *Ceres* bleſs thee for't.

Clo. But what my Father meant the Oracle, about *Adraſtus* Daughter, the fair *Urania!*

Men. The Gods, my *Clorinda*, are always Juſt; and tho' they puniſh'd as he ask'd, yet not approving his Revengeful Wiſh, they have Curſt his Daughter with an impoſſible Dowry. The words are theſe:——————

That

—That which thou haſt not,--may'ſt not, canſt not have,
Amintas *is the Dowry that I crave?*
Reſt hopeleſs in thy Love, or elſe Divine
To give Urania *this, and ſhe is thine.*

Which while the poor *Amintas* ſtrove to interpret, he loſt his Wits--Take heed of Love, *Clorinda*,--Come, my Daughter, let us to our Flocks. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll but make a Garland for my Kid, and follow you--—What a ſad tale of Love has here been!—in my Conſcience, I'm as dull as a Rainy Day—*Dorylas*, where are you?

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. Here, *Madam*, and all the Nymphs and Swains are come to pay their Morning Sacrifices, and Pipe and Dance before *Clorinda*.

Enter Damon *and* Alexis, *Nymphs and Shepherds, and Dance.* [*Exit.*

Manet Damon, Alexis, Clorinda *and* Dorylas.

Clo. So, here's my conſtant Attendance,— now for my Equivocating temper—How now bold Intruders, how dare you ſtay when all the reſt are gone?

Dam. Cruel *Clorinda*, let pity pierce thy Snowy Breaſt, and find a paſſage to thy Heart.

Dorill. Well ſaid *Damon!* now for *Alexis*.

Alex.

Alex. Clorinda, whoſe Name, like a Rich Cordial, chears my drooping Soul; who is in her Nature harmleſs as her Kids, and in her Form bright as the Evening Star, thus low we kneel, to implore, what known, to one of us proves fatal.

Dam. Say Charming Maid which is the happy Man; the Wretch refuſed will die, ——— and ne'er offend you more.

Clo. Since you are grown ſo Impatient, and won't be anſwer'd with modeſt ſilence, know—

Dor. Aye now—now we ſhall know.

Clo. I wiſh you happy.

Alex. Me, *Clorinda!*

Clo. Yes, more—I wiſh I were thy Wife.

Dam. Oh! moſt unfortunate.

Alex. Oh! Exceſs of Joy!

Clo. And, *Damon*, what doſt thou think I wiſh thee?

Dam. What you have made me; Miſerable.

Clo. That thou wert my Husband.

Dam. Oh! Happineſs.

Dor. Ha, ha, the old trick again. [*Aſide.*

Alex. Still more perplex'd:—what then am I?—

Clo. My Head, *Alexis.*

Dam. What I?

Clo. My Heart.—You my Right hand,—you my Left.—

'Tis hard to ſay which Youth I moſt deſire,
Damon's my flame, *Alexis* is my fire:
Neither Swain I can reſolve to loſe;
When equal Merit meets—what Nymph can chooſe?

[*Exit.*

Dor. There's another Riddle for you; your Servant Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Alex. Damon, deſiſt thy Suit; thou heard'ſt her wiſh ſhe were my Wife.

Dam. To me ſhe gave the greater Title—the Husband—I am her Flame.

Alex. But I the ſolid Fire.—She ſtill conceals her purpoſe; With doubtful words ſhe masks her ſecret thoughts.

Dam. Once more we'll urge her Anſwer; which if ſhe continues to deny, our Spears muſt end the long diſpute, and leave but one that can be happy.

Alex. Till then agreed. [*Exit* Alex.

Enter Amarillis.

Dam. Ha—*Amarillis* here! I had had rather meet a Lyon in my Fold, or a Tyger in purſuit of Prey—for the more ſhe Loves, the more my Hate encreaſes.

Amar. Stay cruel *Damon,* fly me not, for thee I've left my tender Lambs, nor care I if they ſtray;—Now uncontroul'd the Ravenous Wolf may feaſt his hungry Jaws; as *Damon Amarillis* leaves, careleſs of her moans, ſo ſhe neglects her bleeting Flocks.

Dam. Away fond Nymph, Love is not in my power, thy Charms are loſt on me:—*Clorinda* does engroſs my Heart, and leaves no room for any other Flame.

Amar. Gentle *Damon* accept this witneſs of my Paſſion, 'tis the ſtory of poor *Echo,* that for Love of her *Narciſſus* pin'd into a Voice.

Dam.

Dam. Why ſhou'd I take it fair one, I only can beſtow it at *Clorinda*'s Feet.

Amar. Do ſo then;—for ſhe that does poſſeſs thy Heart, deſerves what *Amarillis* gives. Behold, in me, the Emblem of Diſpair; no Garlands bind theſe Temples now, my looſe diſhelved Hair is ſport for Winds, uncurl'd the poor neglected treſſes hang, and all that ſee me, read in my looks, that I am by Love undone.

Dam. Away, detain me not—Flames ſhall deſcend, and ſtagnate Waters riſe, the Lamb ſhall fearleſs with the Lyon play, all Nature be revers'd—e'er I in thought my conſtant Vows remove, or wiſh for any but *Clorinda*'s Love.

[*Exit.*

Amar. Oh diſmal Sentence—when will my Sorrows end?

[*Lies down.*

Enter Flavia.

Fla. How fares my *Amarillis?*

Amar. Like a Glimering Tapers ſickly Light, almoſt burnt out---now and then a little flaſh, but ſoon 'tis dark again: Oh! *Flavia*, *I* can not long ſubſiſt--- for the vain labour of my fond purſuit, deſtroys my tender frame.

Fla. Sad *Urania*, like you, numbers the Hours with her Tears, for Mad *Amintas*----Oh! *Ceres*, dreadful Goddeſs, when will thy anger end?

Amar. On me the avenging Rod is heavy, *Amintas* Loves—did *Damon* ſo--- Oh, with pleaſure cou'd *I* bear the pain---it wou'd be extaſie, the very thought rekindles Life and Joy.

Fla. *Amintas* Loves, 'tis true; and dear that Love has coſt.

Mad as the Winds, he ſeeks each Grove and Plain,
Repeating ſtill the words that turn'd his Brain:
That which thou haſt not, may'ſt not, can'ſt not have,
Amintas *is the Dowry which I crave.*

Do'ſt not think that lovely Maid has greater cauſe than thee, thus to be croſt in the height of all her Wiſhes? Juſt in the proſpect of approaching bliſs, the Oracle their blooming hope deſtroys.---

Amar. In vain, kind Maid, thou woud'ſt ſooth me with anothers Grief, or hope to aleviate mine. *I* pitty her---but why do *I* pretend to pitty, who dye for want of it my ſelf? *I* prethee *Flavia* get me ſome Muſick to lull my Cares aſleep---and calm my Thoughts that drive me to diſtraction.

[*Sits down.*

A SONG.

A SONG.

FIE Amarillis, *ceaſe to Grieve*
For him thou never canſt retrieve:
Wilt thou ſigh for one that flies thee?
Scorn the Wretch that Love denies thee;
Call Pride to thy aid,
And be not afraid
Of meeting a Swain that is kind,
As hanſome as he
Perhaps he may be,
At leaſt a more generous mind.

Oh! Cupid *make him feel her Pain,*
Oh! let him Sigh and Wiſh in vain;
Let him purſue the haughty Fair,
And ſtill meet nothing but diſpair;
And may he ne'er find
A Nymph that is kind,
Nor let his Paſſion meet return;
May he always believe,
She always deceive,
May he ſtill in fruitleſs fires burn.

Amar. I did not ask thee for a Song like this; I can ne'er conſent to Curſe him: May he be ever Bleſs'd, whilſt I employ my Melancholly hours in gathering the mournful Cypreſs, the baleful Yew, and the forſaken Willow: Of theſe I will miſterious Chaplets weave; and all expreſſing ſadneſs.

No.

No dawn of Comfort ſhall my thoughts employ,
Baniſh'd for ever be that ſtranger Joy;
Sorrow within my Breaſt her Court ſhall keep,
And my full Eyes ſhall never leave to weep,
Till *Ceres* pitying my inceſſant Moan,
Turns me, like *Niobe*, to ſenſeleſs Stone.

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II.

The Grove continues.

Adraſtus *and* Urania.

Uran. OH! Sir, perſwade me not to break my Vow, Angels Eloquence can never Force me from *Amintas*—'Tis rooted here ſo deep within my Heart, that who attempts to draw it forth, breaks the twiſted Threads aſunder.

Adraſt. Fond *Urania*, is thy ungovern'd Paſſion grown to ſuch a height that you can doat to this Degree upon the curſed Race of *Silvia*.

Uran. I have often heard you, your ſelf, moſt Reverend Sir, declare the mighty Power of Love; he can unite the Wolf and Lamb, force the Lyon to forget his Majeſty, and in amorous Daliance ſport with the bounding Kid—And *Venus* Links in the ſame Carr, the ravenous Kite and milder Swan—and yoaks the Necks of Eagles and peaceful Doves together—Whenever ſhe Commands, all Things loſe their Antipathy, even contrarities are joined—Shall I alone reſiſt her Will? No, my *Amintas*, my Conſtant Faith ſhall ſhew I wo, not.

Adraſt.

Adraſt. Thy Love before had ſome Excuſe, but now— To Court Diſtraction, to follow one who has no Guide, but Madneſs, ſhows a diſtempered Mind in thee *Urania.*

Uran. Shall I fly the Ill, of which I am the Fatal Cauſe — Is he not Mad for me? Is it not for me the Curſe of *Ceres* is upon him? The only Comfort I have left, is with my Tears, to watch his Starts of Frenzy, and think as wildly as he talks: And ſince the Oracle forbids our Nuptial Rites, we may at leaſt have leave to wed our Griefs together.

Adraſt. Heaven knows I Pitty thee— And if I durſt, I'd move again the Goddeſs; but thou knoweſt, throughout all *Sicily*, we have no Echo ſince the dreadful Curſe of *Ceres* came: Echo, that wont of Old her gracious Anſwers to Convey, and bleſs the Glad inquiring Prieſt; now from the Altar nought but Groans and Thunders Iſſue, and Frights the Pious Shepherds from the Temple.

Enter Amintas, Amarillis *and* Flavia.

Uran. See! See! The poor *Amintas* comes— Oh! *Ceres*, hear a wretched Virgins Prayer, Calm his Sick Mind, and Cure my ſad Diſpair.

Adraſt. This Object ſtrikes my aking Sight, and now I wiſh I had buried my Revenge in *Melebeus* Grave; I'll to the Altar and beg for Mercy, and implore Great *Ceres* quickly to ſend the impious *Claius* to my Hand, that his Blood may ſatisfie her Ire. [*Ex.*]

Amint-

Amint. That which I have not, may not, cannot have; it is the Moon—Ay, 'tis the Moon—*Urania*, thou ſhalt wear the horned Goddeſs at thy beautious Ear. Where are my Slaves—Haſt, bring me the airy *Pegaſus*; I'll mount him ſtreight, and Spur him to the Orb.

Fla. Have Patience gentle Youth.

Uran. Dear *Amintas*——

Amint. What ſays my *Citherea*, would'ſt thou eat a Golden Apple? If thou wilt, by *Venus* I'll rob the *Hiſperian* Orchard.

Amar. Try to reſt a While, my Brother.

Amint. Art thou my Siſter *Helen?* What were we hatch'd in the ſame Egg-ſhell—Bid *Charon* inſtantly prepare his Boat, I'd row to Hell.

Uran. To Hell my dear *Amintas.*

Amint. Ay, to borrow Money.

Uran. Borrow there——

Amint. There, ay, there is the only Place—Hark ye, I'll tell you, there is more Uſerers in Hell than in all the World beſide!—Hark, the Winds riſes, Puff, Puff, Boreas!—What a Guſt was there! See what a Cloud comes yonder!—Take heed of that Wave *Charon*—Ha, give me the Oars—We ſink! We ſink! The Boat is overturned—Ha, ha, ha, *Charon's* drown'd—But I'll ſwim to Shoar. [*Fals.*

Flavia. Oh! Help the poor *Amintas.*

Uran. Oh! *Ceres*, can thy All-ſeeing Eye behold this Object, and yet reſtrain thy Pity.

Amar. Sure there's not a Nimph on the *Sicilian* Plains curſt like *Amaryllis*; wer't not enough, thou dreadful Goddeſs, to make me bear the Wrecks of a neglected Love—But as if the heavenly Senate all decreed my Puniſhment, my Father to an eternal Exile doom'd, and my poor Brother rob'd of all his Senſes.

Vran. Let me, *Flavia*, relieve thy Cares, and reſt my dear *Amintas*. [*Sits down by him.*

Amintas. Who calls *Amintas*—Beautious *Proſerpine*, 'tis ſhe—(*riſes*)—Fair Empreſs of the Elizian Shades—*Ceres's* bright Daughter, interceed for me, perſuade thy Mother to leave talking Riddles, won't thou?

Vran. How ſhall I apply my ſelf to his wild Paſſion!

Amar. Seem what he conceives you.

Amint. Thou ſupream Goddeſs of Eternal Night, beg of immortal *Ceres* that I may wed *Vrania*.

Vran. 'Tis my Prayers, and ſhall be ever.

Amint. Let me Seal your Promiſe on this beautious Hand—Ha! *Pluto* is jealous, and ſee *Vrania* mounts above,

ſtarts up

The Mad Song Sung by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

Haſt, give me Wings and let me fly,
That I may mount the ſtarry Sky,
And there, of all the Gods enquire
How I may ſquench my fierce Deſire:
See where the charming Nymph does lie,
Oh! Give her to me, or I die.
I'll mount above and Reſcue my Sire,
And I'll tumble the Tyrant down,

He

He ſhall not dare to Embrace my Fair,
Tho' grac'd with th' Imperial Crown.
See! See! Neptune *with his watry Train,*
Come, come, ye Tritons, come all all around,
Come Plunge me in the watery Main,
And all my Flames confound.

Enter Clorinda *and* Dorylas.

Clor. Ah, Poor *Amintas!*

Uran. Forgive us fair *Clorinda*, for we muſt follow him. [*Ex.* Uran. Amar. *and* Flavia.

Clor. Do, and may your pious Care reſtore him; what was it, how was't ſaying, my little Impertinent?

Dor. I told you, Madam, *Alexis* was to wait on you.

Clor. And not *Damon?*

Dor. Yes, both.

Clor. Both! One had been too many —— Was ever Nymph perplex'd as I am? Ye ſawcy Boy, you'll never learn my Humour.

Dor. And yet I watch the Weather-cock every Moment, Methinks I'd fain have you chuſe. [*Aſide.*

Clor. You'd fain have me chuſe; little Boys ſhould ſquare their Wiſhes to their Ladies likings; you'll never thrive, my Lad, if you learn to contradict.

Dor. Who, I contradict —— Indeed, indeed Madam, tho' all the Swains commended *Florimell*, becauſe you ſaid ſhe was not handſome —— The next Time I ſaw her, methought ſhe was ſo ugly ſhe frighted me.

Clo. Go you little Flatterer.

Dor. Damon and *Alexis* Madam —— I'll withdraw, and watch your Father, and Study to oblige my gentle Miſtreſs.

Enter Damon *and* Alexis.

Dam. Once more *Clorinda* we appear before you; determine thou fair Miſtreſs of our Hearts, and let thy Tongue declare thy Choice; for whilſt you hold us thus in Expectation, you play the Tyrant equally on him you hate, as much as him you love.

Clor. Thou *Damon*, art the glory of all the Woods, and thou *Alexis*, the Pride of all the Plains.

Alex. Thus your ambitious Words ſtill delude us on.

Dam. Give us ſome Sign which you intend for Happineſs.

Clor. I will.

[*Takes* Damon's *Garland and wears it on her own Head, and puts her own on* Alexis.

Clo. Damon, *as I value thee, ſo I Vow*
To wear this Garland that adorn'd thy Brow;
This wreath of Flowers, Alexis, *which were mine,*
Becauſe thou lov'ſt me, truly ſhall be thine.
Dam. *Oh! happy* Damon! *ſhe thy Garland wears,*
That holds thy Heart chain'd in her lovely Hairs.
Alexis. *I doubly bleſt, this Garland once did twine*
About her Head, that now Embraces mine.

Dam. Our Diſputes are endleſs —— we ſtill are in a Labyrinth; our Darts muſt point the Way that one muſt go, ſince fair *Clorinda* does refuſe our Sentance.

Alex. Follow me to the Foot of yonder Hill, and in the Cypreſs Vale we'll end the Strife, and there *Clorinda* ſhall have left no Choice.

Clor.

Clor. Oh! ſtay—I command you, ſtay—what ſhall I do, I muſt not ſuffer them to Fight, nor muſt my Soul declare. [*Aſide.*

Alex. Reſolve, fair Maid——or we'll reſolve.

Clor. Cruel *Alexis* —— Say which of you would ſee on either Hand a ravenous Wolf, one ſnatching from his Ewe a tender Lamb, the other watching for a Gentle Kid, that could reſolve which to Succour firſt?—he ſees his Kid half in the Jaws of Death ——— viewing his Lamb in greater Danger, runs to that again, as doubtful which to loſe, and fain wou'd ſave them both, ſo fares it now with me. No Stratagem to bring me off, and to ſecure their Safety. [*aſide.*

Enter Dorylas

Dor. Ah! Miſtreſs, look on me, ſee how your poor *Dorilas* has been uſed.

Clor. Why, what's the Matter?

Dor. You talk of Love and Cupids, I have been ſtung with Thouſand Cupids.

Dam. The meaning of this Riddle.

Dor. I have been amongſt a Swarm of fair *Clorindas* Bees.

Clor. The pureſt Wax give *Damon*, gentle Boy, and the Honey to *Alexis*.

Dor. Now will the Honey and the Wax fall together by the Ears. [*aſide.*

Dam. This plain Sign confirms her grant,
She gave me Wax to ſeal the Covenant.

Dor. Well argu'd for the Wax, now for the Honey. [*aſide.*

Alex. To me ſhe gave the Honey, that muſt be
The ſweeteſt——and the ſweeteſt ſweet is ſhe.

Dor. Aye! the Honey is the ſweeteſt that's certain. [*aſide.*

Dam.

Dam. I ſee *Alexis*, all *Clorindas* Bees ſerve but to Sting us both.

Dor. What is the Matter gentle Swains, is your Diſpute not ended?

Alez. No; but it will be ſoon, come *Damon.*

Dam. Alexis, come. [*going*.

Clor. Hold Shepherds, I have ſworn never to diſcloſe, which it's the beſt I Love—but that firſt Nymph, as ſoon as *Titan* guilds the Eaſtern Mountains, and Chiriping Birds the Monitors of Day, ring in our Ears a Warning to Devotion, ſo that ever bleſſed Damſel, whoſoe'er ſhe be, ſhall be the Goddeſs, to appoint my Love; to ſay, *Clorinda*, this ſhall be your Choice; and both ſhall ſwear to reſt by her award.

Both. By fair *Clorindas* Hand we ſwear.

Clor. Till then be Friends.

Both. Till then we will.

Clor. So once more I have made up the Quarrel.

Dor. Only to fall out again, to morrow Morning I ſuppoſe. [*Aſide.*

Enter Amarillis, Urania *and* Flavia.

Uran. Whether would'ſt thou fair *Amaryllis?*

Amar. Stay me not *Urania.*

Dor. More Cupids, more Bees, more ſtinging yet.

Amar. Away ye uſeleſs Treſſes——thus I'll tear you off, again I have met him, and again I am ſcorn'd, weak Chains—my Pride preſum'd you had Power to fetter Heroes, and in amorous Bonds lead any Shepherd Captive.

Uran. Dear *Amaryllis*——

Amar.

Amar. But *Damon* breaks thee like a Spiders Loom, and thou poor Face that wer't ſo oft bely'd for Fair and Beautious by my flattering Glaſs ——— I'll tear theſe Crimſon Roſes from thy Cheeks, pull out theſe Eyes that have no Power to move, daſh this burning Frame to Attoms, and ſcatter Love around. [*Struggles, they hold her.*

Clo. What means my *Amaryllis.*

Amar. Since *Damon* hates my Life, I'll try to pleaſe even in my Death—This Dart I'll give him on my bended Knees, and beg of him a Fate moſt welcome.

Clor. Live rather, and deſpiſe his Love, ſcorn this Diſdain of I was born.

Amar. I ſhould wrong *Clorinda.* No, no, poſſeſs him; the Treaſure of the Earth, my lateſt Words ſhall be my Prayers for you, mild *Urania*, Siſter in Blood to *Damon*, not in Affection. Nymph, take this Pipe, it was a Tritons once, with which I call'd my Lambkins when they ſtrayed, 'tis the laſt Gift of *Amaryllis.*

Uran. Live, happy Shepherdeſs, and uſe it ſtill.

Amar. To you *Clorinda*, unmoleſted, I bequeath my *Damon.*

Clor. Tho' you give me what was mine before: come amorous Maid, *be ruled by me*, call in thy raging Griefs, this Night we'll Sleep together.

Dor. There will be Fine dreaming. [*aſide.*

Clor. A happy Night to Fair *Urania.*

Uran. The like to her that pities the diſtreſs'd *Amaryllis.*

[*Ex. Clor.* and *Amar.*

I have no Power to Sleep whilſt my *Amintas* wakes—Come my Dear *Flavia*, let us ſit down upon this Bed of Flowers, I heard *Amintas* Voice within the Grove; here we'll watch his Evening Walk, Mad as he is, my Eyes Delight to View him—Thou *Flavia* ever pitieſt the Diſtreſs'd; Do I not treſpaſs much upon thy gentle Nature.

Flav.

Fla. Why does *Urania* doubt her *Flavia?* Be Witneſs, *Ceres*, the highth of my Ambition has been to ſerve the miſerable, ſtill to attend and ſooth their Cares.

[*They ſit down*

Enter Claius.

Cla. I ſee the Smoak ſteam from the Cotage Top, the fearfu Houſe wiſe rakes the Embers up, all huſh'd to Bed, — Silence beſt ſuits my Woe. Oh! thou peaceful Vale, I the wretched *Claius* Salute thy happy Soil; I that have lived condemned by *Ceres* Curſe, in a Place as horrid as my Griefs, in the *Lybian* Mountains, theſe Sixteen Frozen Winters——preſs'd by hard Famine and Diſpair, I wou'd at once have put an end to Miſery, by Plunging from a bending Rock into the Ambient Sea, had not ſome ſacred Power reſtrained me ——by an Old Shepherd I receiv'd the News, that my *Amintas* Wits were loſt ——ſtreight to the Sun I made my Prayers: Oh! *Phœbus*, if there be Sovereign Power, in juice of Herbs, and that the teeming Earth yields Medicinal Flowers to Cure all Maladies, grant me the Knowledge of the healing Art, that I may help my wretched Son. The God was pleas'd to hear my Prayers——— I have a Recipe wou'd put *Oreſtes* in his Wits again —— ha! who ſits there? ho, 'tis *Flavia*, on whoſe Boſom leans a beautious Nymph to me unknown; I am ſo alter'd by my Curs'd Misfortunes, that ſure *Flavia* can't remember me. The Oracle deſires my Blood for Sacrafice, and old *Adraſtus*, with inveterate Hate, ſtill ſeeks it, yet I will venture All to ſave my Son.

Enter Amintas *with a Horn in his Hand and a Shepherd.*

[*A Horn within.*

Amint.

Amint. A ſharp Scent, and quick, ſo ho, ho, ho, ſo ho, *Ringwood*, *Jolar*, *Whitefoot*, So ho, ſo ho.

Shep. So, I ſhall be the whole Kennel of Dogs anon.

Amint. *Juno*, *Vulcan*, *Venus*, ſo ho, ho, ho, ſo ho, ho, ho.

Shep. What Heavenly Puppy am I!

Uran. Is it not time for dear *Amintas* now to think of Reſt.

Amint. So ho, *Vertue*, *Vertue*, *Vertue*, ſo ho.

Shep. Humph, is *Vertue* a Dog too? Wou'd I were hang'd if I'll have any of it for that Trick.

Amint. What! Doſt not ſcent it yet? Cloſe, cloſe, you Dog. By *Pan* the Cur hunts Counter. (*beats the Shepherd.*)

Shep. Oh, good Maſter.

Amint. So, now he has got it again — You Mungril, will you never ſtart me this Oralce?

Shep. Start an Oracle! Oh *Cupid!* ſtart it who will for me, I'll not ſtart it.

Uran. Still on the Oracle his Mind does run. O faithful Swain?

Shep. Why an Oracle is no Hair, Sir.

Amint. You lie, it is---and ſcuds away ſo ſwift, we cannot reach it.---Unkennel it, I ſay.

Shep. Unkennel it!

Amint. Ay, 'Tis a Fox--- a cunning crafty Fox: No body knows which way to find him. Spring it, I ſay.

Shep. Sir, I ſay, I can neither ſtart, unkennel, nor ſpring, and had rather be aſleep than hunting Oracles.

Cla. Oh, my unhappy Son! I'll ſpeak to him: A hunting, Sir, ſo late.

Amint. Didſt ever ſee a finer Hound, old Shepherd? I think the World cann't afford his Equal!

Uran. Courteous Stranger, humour his Diſtraction, and perſwade him home.

Cla. I'll do my beſt to ſerve you.----What Breed is he of?

Amint. True *Spartan*, I'll aſſure you.

Shep. Why ſure they'll not perſwade me into a Dog. Why, Sir, I ſay am no Dog.

Amint. 'Tis falſe, thou art, and of *Acteon*'s Breed.

Clar. How deſcended?

Amint. As thus------ *Melampus* was the Sire of *Lelaps*, *Lelaps* to *Lagon*, *Lagon* to fleet *Theridamas*, *Theridamas* to ſwift *Nobrophonos*, he to the quick-nos'd *Ællas*, thence to *Oribaſus*, ſo on to *Sinon Phaleris*, and *Venus* the Dam of this Cur.

Shep. So then, *Oribaſus* was my Great-Grand-Father: though I be a Dog, I come of a good Family.

Amint. Hiſt, hiſt, hiſt: Here, fetch my Glove: This Spaniel will fetch and carry; run, run, run, run.

Shep. Ay, that I will, to bed, let who will look to the Madman. (*Exit.*)

Flav. Why gaze you thus?---You wou'd not frolick with poor *Amintas*'s Madneſs. 'Twould ill beſeem your Age to make our Griefs your Paſtime.

Cla. Not I, by *Ceres*. Tears, you'll betray me: my Eyes are full of this moſt noble Shepherd. Who has not heard how he has chas'd the Boar; and how his Spear has torn the Wolves. On the Bark of every Tree, his Name is engraven

graven. Now ſome balefui Planet rules, whoſe poiſonous Influence turns that glorious Courage into Wildneſs. *(Weeps.)*

Amint. Tell me, Nymph, Why do's that old Man weep? Has the Oracle pronounc'd a Dowry for him to pay?

Uran. Compaſſion brought that Dew upon his Cheeks.

Amint. I'll kiſs his Tears away. Come, let's put our Heads together, and we will expound the Oracle.

Cla. Say, kind Nymphs, how came he thus? What was the Cauſe of his Diſtraction?

Amint. Me, do you mean? I run mad after Poetry, and loſt my Wits with making of Verſes. Nine Women, you know, are enough to make any Man diſtracted.

Flav. Moſt Venerable Shepherd, 'twas *Ceres* ambiguous Anſwer made him thus, when ſhe demanded ſuch a Dowry. If ſhe had ask'd our Flocks, our Kids, our Groves, our Lawns: If ſhe had bid us quench the Flames of *Ætna* in *Arathuſa*'s Streams, it had been eaſie: But we fight with Words; we cannot conſtrue this the Imperious Goddeſs ſpoke in Thunder.

That which thou haſt not, may'ſt not, canſt not have;
Amintas is the Dowry that I crave.
To find out her Commands, he loſt himſelf.

Cla. Your Story is pitiful. It has been my careful ſtudy for theſe many Years, to find out healing Remedies for the diſtemper'd Brain.

Uran. Oh reverend Shepherd, uſe your utmoſt Skill: Try every Art that Phyſick can afford; and in return, accept our general Thanks, and whatſoe'er our Cottages allow.

Amint. Ha! *Diana* there-----Her naked Beauty's to my view diſplay'd. Hide me, leaſt I meet *Acteon*'s Fate.

Flav. Here you are ſafe.

Cla. Gentle Virgins, let us try to charm him with ſome Muſick. Let but ſoft ſleep ſeize his troubled Spirits, and e're the grey-ey'd Morn ariſe, I'll put his Senſe in Tune.

Songs and Dances.

Uran. He ſleeps: Bear him gently in.

Cla. Now great *Apollo*, grant me Herbs of Force,
To charm the Senſes to their wonted Courſe.
Give me the Power his Reaſon to reſtore,
And make the Shepherd what he was before.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

The Holy Vale. The Proſpect of the Temple of Ceres *at a diſtance.*

Enter Amintas *and* Claius.

Amint. WHAT Deity is this! The Soul of *Phœbus* breaths in this powerful Man. Sure *Æſculapius* reviſits Earth again; and in this ſhape deals Health amongſt us. I, who laſt Night ſcarce differ'd from the Brutes, am now reſtor'd. Oh tell me by what Relicks of Heavenly Fire have you inſpired me with this better Soul of Reaſon. Worthy Sir, if you are ſome God, as leſs I cannot deem you, that pittying of my Miſeries, came down from Heaven to cure me; tell me, that I may with Sacrifice adore you.

Cla. I am, as you are, mortal: 'Tis my Skill in Phyſick, and Experience in the rare Vertue of Herbs that wrought this Miracle; no Divinity or Power in me alone.

Amint.

Amint. Tho' you will not ſuffer me to adore you like a God, permit me to pay a Reverence as to a Father. *(Kneels.(*

Cla. Oh! thoſe Words do touch me to the Soul.

Amint. For if he be a Father that begot this Fleſh, this Clay, What's he to whom we owe the ſecond Birth of Soul and Reaſon. Father! I muſt call you by the Name of Father.

Cla. Now the Flood-gates open, and the full ſtream of Tears break forth. Traytors, you will betray me. *(aſide.)* Come then my Son, ſince you you will have it ſo, let's enter *Ceres* ſacred Temple; and there return our Thanks and Praiſe.

Amint. I go Sir. Methinks I long to ſee *Urania:* But Heaven muſt firſt be ſerv'd.

Cla. Yes, thou awful Goddeſs, I will enter, though there I ſhou'd be taken and made a Sacrifice: For whilſt thus I ſpend my time in Darkneſs, my Life's a Burthen to me. In *Sicily* the Sun and I dare never be acquainted. Oh, angry Goddeſs! end here my Life or Woes. Hiſt: I hear a Noiſe; ſome early Swains this way bend their Steps. Protect me *Ceres.*

(Ex. into the Temple.)

Enter Damon *and* Alexis.

Alex. How early, *Damon*, Lovers riſe.

Damon. No Lark ſo ſoon, *Alexis.*

Alex. Whoe'er obtains *Clarinda*---wou'd watch and wake for ever for the Prize.

Dam. Which if I miſs, my next ſleep ſhall be Eternal.

Alex.

Alex. Oh, how I long to meet our Arbitreſs on whom our Happineſs depends.

Dam. The firſt Virgin that moves to *Ceres* Temple?---

Alex. Yes, the firſt we meet is ſhe. Not the leaſt ſound of Footſteps yet abroad! Devotion is not ſo early up as Love. Here let us place our ſelves, and watch their Entry. *(withdraw.)*

Enter Amarillis *veil'd, with a Wax Taper in her Hand.*

Am. Clarinda charg'd me, as I hop'd my Love's ſucceſs, to be the firſt Maid that towards the Temple trod the Holy Vale. I cannot gueſs her meaning. I think I have obey'd her; for I have out-roſe the Sun, and borrow'd this Taper's Light to guide my Steps.

(Damon *and* Alexis *come forward.)*

Damon. Chaſte, beauteous Nymph; may *Ceres* grant your Wiſhes, as you determine ours.

Amar. Ceres has heard my Prayers: For all my Morning Oriſons begg'd no more than one kind Word from *Damon.* *(Throws off her Veil.)*

Dam. Amarillis! *(Starting.)*

Alex. Springing Joys ariſe with that Name to poor *Alexis.*

Amar. Why ſtarted *Damon*, as if he had met his mortal Foe?

Dam. In thy ſight a Thouſand Vipers ſting my Soul.

Alex

Alex. As many Joys crown mine.

Dam. Wou'd I had met this Morning infectious Vapours, nurſing Plagues, inſtead of thee. No Curſe but this had Power to ruine me.

Alex. Tis the Bleſſing that muſt preſerve my Peace.

Amar. What can this mean? Oh, *Damon!* how have I offended you? *Ceres* knows, my only Study is to pleaſe my *Damon.*

Dam. Oh, my Torture! Fly hence to Hell; there hide thy Head lower than Darkneſs. Wou'd thou hadſt been acting Inceſt, Murder, Witchcraft when thou cam'ſt to pray: Thou hadſt in any thing ſinn'd leſs than in this Devotion.

Amar. Can it be a Sin to pray for *Damon?*

Dam. Oh! thou hadſt bleſs'd me, hadſt thou ſat this fatal Morning in ſome dark Cell, loading my Head with Curſes.

Amar. Let me underſtand you.

Alex. I'll inſtruct you. Take this Paper, Pen and Ink.

Dam. I'll not ſtand to her Award: She's a partial Judge, and will deny me Juſtice.

Amar. Not do my *Damon* Juſtice! What is it, *Alexis?*

Alex. You are to paſs your Cenſure, being the firſt Nymph we have met this Morning, which of us two muſt have the fair *Clarinda.* Write your Award: Our mutual Oaths do bind us not to deny it.

Dam. 'Tis a Plot; a meer Contrivance betwixt this curs'd Nymph and you.

Alex. Damon, you wrong us both.

Dam. I ſee I am betray'd. By *Ceres,* I'll not ſtand to what ſhe writes. I appeal from her unjuſt Sentence.

Alex.

Alex. I'll fetch *Clorinda*; ſhe ſhall force you to the Tryal. *(Exit.)*

Dam. Confuſion! Death! I'm undone! Take that to ſtop thy Courſe. *(Flings his Javelin after him.* Amaryllis *runs between, and receives it in her Breaſt.*

Amar. Oh! hold.

Dam. Ha! what have I done?

Amar. Welcome Death. From thy Hand the fatal Gift is welcome. But haſte, fly hence, thou haſt ſhed Blood in the ſacred Vale. Quick, be gone, or thou art loſt for ever.

Dam. I hope the Wound is not mortal: I'll haſte and ſend thee help. *(Exit.)*

Amar. What was it he ſaid laſt? But I will write before my Life decay: And this Crimſon ſtream ſhall be my Ink. Haſte, my Hand; move quick, as do's my Blood, or I ſhall faint e're I have done.

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. Hi ho! how early has *Clorinda* call'd me up this Morning, and ſent me here to ſee how her Lovers bear their Sentence.

Amar. My Blood congeals within my Quill: I can write no more. Who's here, *Dorylas?* carry this Letter to *Clorinda.*

Dor. Oh, *Ceres*, how pale you look!

Amar. Tell her, not being able longer to ſuſtain my Griefs, I ſought a Remedy from my own Spear. Health to her and *Damon.*

Dor. Oh, ſhe's a dying! See how her Blood has ſtain'd the Holy Vale! I am frighted ſo, my Legs will hardly bear me to my Miſtreſs. (*Ex.*)

Amar. Whither my Journey now will lead me, thro' what dark hideous place, amongſt what Monſters, Hags, and ſnaky Furies I am to go, I know not. But my Life has been ſo ſpotleſs, chaſte and innocent, my Death ſo undeſerv'd, I cannot fear the future State.

Enter Claius.

Cla. Amintas is fled to find his fair *Urania.* Thanks, you ever-gracious Powers, that I have wrought his Cure. Now cou'd I but ſee my *Amaryllis*, I ſhou'd content again to return into my Exile.

Amar. Who names a Nymph ſo wretched as *Amaryllis?*

Cla. Art thou the Virgin? Oh ſpeak! what Hand, what barbarous Tiger, what inhumane Savage had the Marble Heart to wound ſo ſweet a Nymph?

Amar. Oh, Sir, my Blood calls none but Fortune guilty: I chanced to ſtumble on my own Dart, and hurt my ſelf.

(*Applies ſomething to the Wound.*)

Cla. Then I have Herbs that will cure it. Heaven, once more I thank thee. Ha! ſtill the Blood flows like a ſcarlet Torrent. Speak, *Amaryllis*, who did this Act? Upon whoſe Soul this Blood writes Murder? For till you ſee the Wretch that gave the Wound, all hope in Phyſick is Deſpair. She will not ſpeak. I have a Cordial here will keep her Spirits up till the laſt drop is exhauſted. Oh, *Ceres*, if there be any in theſe Groves, Men, Virgins, Birds, Beaſts, or Trees, or any thing deteſting this horrid Fact, reveal it. Sacred Graſs, whoſe hallow'd Green

this.

this bloody Deed has ſtain'd, ask Nature for a Tongue to name the Murderer.

Enter Adraſtus, *and other Prieſts and Swains.*

Adraſt. What Voice of Sorrow diſturbs our pious Orgies?

1ſt Prieſt. See, *Adraſtus*, a Virgin all in Goar!

Adraſt. Ceres defend us! The ſacred Valley is prophan'd; the place ſo dear to *Ceres* defil'd with Blood. By *Ceres*, and her Holy Altar, he that did the Fact, ſhall by his own Blood ſatisfie the Goddeſs's Anger.

Cla. I durſt preſume upon the Power of Art, if ſhe wou'd name the Murderer.

Amar. My ſelf: And therefore in my Death your Law is ſatisfied; the Blood and Act both mine.

Cla. It is not ſo. For had it been thy own Hand, my Skill cou'd have preſerv'd and ſtopp'd that Torrent. I charge thee by that Duty thou ow'ſt to me, *Amaryllis*, to me, who gave thee Life.

Adraſt. Ha!

Cla. And by that Womb that bear thee; by thy dead Mother, *Silvia*.

Adraſt. Hear you that? (*To the Prieſts.*)

Cla. Do not conceal the Murderer. 'Tis thy Father, thy Father, *Amaryllis*, that commands thee, by theſe Gray Hairs, to tell me. I am *Claius*.

Adraſt. Ceres, I thank thee.

Cla. Ay, glut your Hate, *Adraſtus*. I too long have ſtood, like ſome ill-fated Oak, at which great *Jove* has levell'd all his Thunder: My Boughs long ſince were blaſted and withered: Now let the Trunk fall too; and let *Ceres* Wrath here end in me.

Adraſt. Bleſs'd be our Goddeſs! Rejoice, *Sicilians*: Crown all your Brows with Roſes; adore the Deity that ſent him. He's come, whoſe Blood muſt quench *Ceres* Ire, and kindle auſpicious Flames of Love in every Breaſt.

Amar. Wretched *Amaryllis!* Fatal to both my Parents; my Birth deſtroy'd my Mother, and my Death my Father. Ha! *Damon* comes. His Abſence was never wiſh'd till now.

Enter Damon.

Dam. Conſcience, Honour, Terror, brings me back. The Feet of Guilt move ſlow: We cannot fly from what we bear about us.

Cla. Ha! The Murderer is in the place: Her Blood is ſtopt on the ſudden. Cruel Man! 'tis thou art guilty. *Adraſtus*, I ask the Juſtice of *Sicilian* Laws againſt the Murderer.

Adraſt. 'Tis your Hate and old Revenge, directs you to point out my Son. Speak, Virgin, was it he?

Amar. Oh! I am angry with my Blood for ceaſing: This Coward Ebb, againſt my Will, betrays me. The Stream is turn'd; my Eyes run faſteſt now.

Adraſt. Can you accuſe my Son?

Amar. By *Ceres*, no; I have no Heart to do it. Oh, Father, behold that Youth! Looks he like a Murderer? Cou'd he wrong a Virgin? If he did wound me, 'twas only from his Eyes. Where Love's blind, God ſends forth continual Arrows. He knows I always lov'd him: And cou'd he, think you, wound me thus? 'Tis barbarous to imagine it.

Cla.

Cla. In his Looks he carries Guilt: Shame and Confusion keep him silent.

Amar. No, no: 'Tis his bashful modest Nature confines his Tongue. Think you the bright Rose that buds within his Cheek, was planted there by Guilt or Shame? No, no: He has ever been so unacquainted with all Crimes, that but to be suspected strikes him Dumb. By *Ceres* (I think my Oath is lawful) 'twas I my self was cause of this.

Enter Clorinda, Alexis, *and* Dorylas.

Clo. Oh, ungrateful Man! The Woolf that does devour the Breast that nurs'd it, is not half so cruel. Wicked, wicked *Damon*, hear, hear this Letter, the eternal Witness of Affection, that ought in *Cupid*'s Annals to be writ in Golden Characters: This will convince thee of thy black Ingratitude. *(reads.)*

Clorinda, *you have put it upon me to chuse a Husband for you: And I will prove my self an Impartial Judge.*

" Alexis *much deserves, but* Damon *more:*
" *I give you him I wish'd my self before.*
Writ in her own Blood.

Oh, my fair Friend! was this my fatal Kindness?

Alex. And did I haste to bring her here, for this? Oh, curst Minute! all my Hopes are blasted.

Dam. Writ in her Blood! Oh, let me kiss my Bill of Accusation. Here my Name looks like my Soul, all Crimson. Here all my Vertue lies intomb'd: And thou, Sacred Grove, art Witness of my Guilt.

Clo.

Clor. Know, Murderer, I hate thy Bed and thee. *Alexis* was ſtill my ſecret Choice; for thee I only had a Friendſhip, which now is turn'd to mortal Hatred.

Alex. Oh, you Immortal Powers, am I ſo bleſt!

Am. Nay, *Clorinda*, you bound your ſelf to ſtand to my Award. Believe him not guilty; but accept his Love.

Clo. Never: He is all Falſhood and Ingratitude.

Dam. Gentle *Clorinda*, ſpare this harſh Language: For were you fair as Immortal Beings; and did your Face out-ſhine an Angels, here wou'd I make my Choice. Her Vertue now moves a more noble Flame within my Breaſt than e'er your Beauty did: Her Soul do's charm me more than did thy Face. I do confeſs the horrid Deed. But oh! the Blow was ne'er deſign'd for thee. Here, lead me to Death, ye Holy Men. Fair *Amaryllis*, I go to write the Story of my Repentance in the ſame Ink thou wroteſt the Legend of thy Love.

Adraſt. Summon the Nymphs and Shepherds to appear; for here in *Ceres* Temple ſhall this Sacrifice be made. And though the Gods have doom'd my Son, yet will I rejoice, ſince *Clarus* falls, and with his Blood redeems *Sicily* from all her Woes.

(*They bind* Claius *and* Damon.)

Dam. Oh, *Amaryllis!* take my laſt Vows, tho' paid too late; none e're deſerv'd like thee.

Amar. Oh wretched, wretched Nymph! Why did your powerful Art proceed to ſtop my Blood, only to let it flow, with double Pain from my ſad Heart? Now I looſe all; my Father, *Damon* juſt become a Lover:

Lover: But at the ſight I'll tear my Wounds until they bleed afreſh, and die together.

(*Ex. into the Temple all but* Clorinda, Alexis *and* Dorylas.)

Alex. Oh, my *Clorinda!* e're the ſad Scene of Death begin, let me expreſs my Joy------Was I in thy Heart then deſtin'd for the happy Man?

Clor. Now cou'd I find in my Heart to deny it again, but that this is no time for jeſting.

Alex. Here let me ſeal my Vows for ever.

(*Kiſſes her Hand.*)

Clor. And will you prove very conſtant now?

Alex. As the returning Sun, the fixt Stars, or the Needle to its Pole.

Clor. Or. Turtles to their Mates, *&c.*

Enter Menalcus.

Menal. Is this a time for amorous Dalliance, raſh Youth, and fond *Clorinda?* To the Temple haſte, and there behold the bloody Sacrifice, that will ſurely chill your idle Flames, and teach your Eyes to flow.

Omnes. We attend you, Sir

Menal. See *Amintas* and *Urania* comes. Follow all, ye hapleſs Lovers. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter

Enter Amintas *and* Urania.

Amint. Away, *Urania*, perſwade me not, for I will ſee him.-----What! my Father, who reſtor'd me to my Senſes, who gave me back to thee. I wiſh again thoſe Senſes loſt, ſince now they ſerve only to lament. Yes, I will weep: My Tears will not pollute the hallow'd Shrine. Oh, wretched Children! Oh, moſt unhappy Parents!

Uran. Oh miſerable me! my Brother too muſt die. But Oh! my Thoughts of him are buried all in thy ſad Griefs. And did I rejoice for this, to ſee thy Health reſtor'd, thy Wiſdom take its former Seat, and yet no Peace enſue?

Amint. Come, *Urania*, let's enter here, and try if Life will hold to ſee the dreadful Fury of the Goddeſs.

The Scene draws, and discovers the inside of the Temple of Ceres, *with Fire on the Altar, and* Adrastus *with a Sacrificing Knife, and another Priest pouring Water on* Claius's *Head, who is bound with* Damon *also.*

Adrast. Oh, *Sicilians!* Nature and Religion contend within my Breast, betwixt my Goddess and my Son. Awful Goddess, for whom we feed the fattest of our Lambs, to whom we send the Holiest of our Prayers on the smoaky Wings of sweetest Myrrh, instruct thy doubtful *Flamine* — I am thy Priest, and so I will forget that *Damon* is my Son. Yet spare my Hand the Deed, and my sick Eyes the Sight. You need not pour Water upon his Head, I'll do it with my Tears. Now let the Sacred Song begin. My self will offer *Claius*; then retire, whilst you perform that Office on my Son.

A

HYMN

TO

CERES.

CERES, *to whom we all things owe,*
Who Corn and Oil, and Fruits beſtow;
Look down and bleſs this Pious Deed:
'Tis by thy Laws theſe Victims bleed.
Oh! let Claius *Blood atone,*
For all the Ills his Love has done.
Let it kindle Joy, and quench the Fire
Of thy too long incenſed Ire.

Chor. *Look down, thou Goddeſs of our Iſle,*
And let thy glorious Image ſmile.

Look down, &c.

Enter

Enter Amintas.

Amint. Stay, ſtay that impious Hand, whoſe haſty Zeal thinks Murder can appeaſe the Goddeſs's Ire. Do not pollute her Altar, leaſt it keep the Purple Stain of Blood, and bluſh for ever.

Adraſt. Avoid the Madman.

Amint. I am not mad. By the dread Altar, ſpare the guiltleſs Blood, and I'll expound the Oracle. What hope you from this Sacrifice? or why will this end our Miſery, or make our Lovers happy? Stands not *Amaryllis* here pale and dying, and *Damon* ready for the fatal Stroke? And thy *Urania* is with me undone? Alas, you miſtake the meaning of the Oracle; and this way brings but greater Troubles on.

Adraſt. Thou ſpeakeſt with ſeeming Senſe: But what is this to the Wrath of *Ceres*, which cannot be appeaſed but by the Blood of *Claius?*

Amint. So it is.

Adraſt. How can that be, whilſt yet his Veins are full?

Amint. His Blood has been already ſhed in *Amaryllis*: That's the Sacrifice the Oracle decreed to ſtill the furious Goddeſs: And her Blood has both quench'd and kindled Fire.

Adraſt. What has it quench'd or kindled?

Amint. Love; the only Fire by thoſe Words deſign'd: *Damon*'s Love to his *Clorinda* is in that Blood extinguiſh'd, and is by that powerful Blood kindled to *Amaryllis*.

He burns for her, his former Flames expire :
Thus *Claius* Blood has quench'd and kindled Fire.

Omnes. Amintas, Amintas, Amintas.

Adraſt. Oh Youth Divine ! thy Words dō bear a Sacred Truth. Unbind old *Claius*. But who can ſave my Son ?

Amint. Damon is free from Sacrilegious Guilt.

Adraſt. How ! *Amintas* ſpeak ! Thou that haſt ſav'd a Father, ſave a Child.

Amint. Amaryllis's Blood being the Sacrifice, ye all know, may lawfully be ſpilt, even in the Holy Vale. *Damon* is a Prieſt by Birth ; by that Title he might ſhed it. Speak, *Sicilians*, if you not judge this Interpretation right.

Omnes. Right, right, right ; *Amintas*, *Amintas*, *Amintas.*

Adraſt. Unbind my Son. *Amintas*, thou haſt now made full amends for *Melibœus*'s Death. Here *Claius*, let the Hatred of our Houſes end. *(They embrace.)*

Clai. A Shower of Joy falls from my Eyes.

Adraſt. This is the Man, *Sicilians*, to whom ye owe your Liberty. Go, Virgins, and with Roſes ſtrew his way : Crown him with Violets and Lilly-Wreaths : Cut off your Treſſes, and with them weave a Robe of Love.

Dam. Next, to *Amaryllis* your Devotion pay : The Balſom that heal'd your Woes flow'd from her rich Veins ; each Drop's a Ranſom for a Prince.

Amar. I'm doubly paid : Let other Virgins be
Bleſt in their Love, as, *Damon*, I'm in thee.

Menal.

Menalc. Now, my *Clorinda*, take thy Wish, *Alexis*, she is thine.

Alex. Oh, happy Hour!

Clor. Well these old Mens Humours are as intricate as an Oracle. Last Night he charg'd me not to love; and now he has given me a Husband, without asking me whether I lik'd him or not.

Alex. My Life!

Clor. well, I am yours, but cann't help vexing, to think that my Reign is at an end. A Lover is a pretty thing, whilst we can keep him, like a Shittle-cock, continually in play; but let him fall into the Marriage-State once, and then the airy Game ends.

Dor. I am glad we shall have a Wedding at last.

Amint. Still my impossible Dowry leaves me unfortunate in the midst of Joy. Oh, my *Urania*! in all this blest'd Isle, we are the only wretched Pair.

Adrast. Come, Shepherds, come, and dedicate this Day to Mirth and *Ceres*.

Uran. Stay Sacred Priest of *Ceres*, and all this glad Assembly, stay.

Adrast. What means my Daughter.

Uran. Since me alone the Goddess dooms never to be blest'd in Love, before the Holy Altar here, I'll vow my self her Virgin; and you, my Father, shall confirm it.

Amint. Oh, most unjust *Urania!* must I lose you ever? The Goddess cannot mean such Cruelty. Cou'd I for others interpret her mystick Sense, and explain her dark Decrees, yet when I want it most my self, the Sacred Knowledge flies me?

Uran.

Uran. Father, draw near: And thou, great *Ceres*, lend a gracious hearing.

Adraſt. To deny thy Wiſh, wou'd again offend our Goddeſs.

Uran. Thou Queen of Plenty, whoſe full Horn repleniſhes the World, accept me for thy Virgin. 'Tis thy Pleaſure, by whom the Earth and every thing grows fruitful, to have me ever barren. Thy impoſſible Dowry denies me for *Amintas*'s Bride; therefore that cold chaſte Snow, that never ſhou'd have melted but in his Arms, I vow unto thy Cloiſter, awful Goddeſs. Almighty *Ceres*, is not this Life Holy? (*Eccho.* Folly.

Uran. Be judge, ye Woods, and let *Amintas* ſpeak.

(*Eccho. Amintas* ſpeak.

Adraſt. Ha! the Goddeſs is well pleas'd; ſhe deigns to anſwer by gracious Eccho. Go, *Amintas*, ſpeak.

Amint. She will not anſwer me. No, it was the Muſick of *Urania*'s Voice, whoſe Heavenly Accents, with ſuch charming Notes, raviſh the Goddeſs Ears. She cou'd not chooſe but bear a Part in the Harmonious Song. Nor will ſhe now endure to hear *Amintas* ſpeak.

(*Eccho. Amintas* ſpeak.

Amint. How ſhall I pay the Dowry which you ask me?

(*Eccho.* Ask me?

Amint. I ask thee to explain thy Dowry, to be made a Husband. (*Eccho.* A Husband.

Amint. A Husband, *Ceres*, is that the Gueſs?

Amint. That which I have not, may not, cannot have: I have not, may not, cannot have a Husband. 'Tis true, I am a Man: Nor wou'd I change my Sex to be the Empreſs of the World. *Urania*, take thy Dowry, 'tis my ſelf. A Husband!

Omnes. Happy *Amintas!*

Uran.

Uran. Oh! 'tis the happieſt Dowry that e're my Ambitious Prayers cou'd beg. Love is the only Portion I can pay thee back; and all my Stock is thine.

Amint. Shou'd greateſt Queens wooe me in all their Pride, and make me offers of their different Crowns, I wou'd refuſe them all for thee. Thanks, *Ceres*, thou haſt made us both be bleſt.

Adraſt. Auſpicious Omen! Our Troubles now ſhall be no more.

Cai. Adraſtus, methinks we now grow young again; and like two Trees robb'd of their leafy Bows by Winter's Age, and *Boreas*'s keener Blaſt, ſprout forth and bud anew. This Spring of Joy cuts forty Years away from the Gray-hair'd Seaſon.

(*They come forward, and the Temple ſhuts.*

Adraſt. Come, all ye Shepherds, with your Pipes and (play:
Henceforth let this be kept a Holyday.

Songs and Dances.

Amint. Let Peace and Plenty in our Iſle abound;
And every vertuous Lover's Wiſh be crown'd.

FINIS.

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